DARK HORSE 20 YEARS
$2.99 U.S.
#18
THE GOON™
SPECIAL GUEST APPEARANCES BY ARTISTS MIKE ALLRED AND MIKE HAWTHORNE!
¡LAGARTO HOMBRE! ¡EL DIABLO DE PANTANO!
THE GOON
by Eric Powell

The nameless man, the zombie priest, had come to town to build a gang from the undead. But even the undead fear...

THE GOON™

by Eric Powell

Pinup

by **Mike Allred**

"It's All Fun and Games 'Til..."

story and art by **Mike Hawthorne**
dialogue and colors by **Eric Powell**
letters by **Jason Hvam**

edited by **Matt Dryer** designed by **Amy Arendts** published by **Mike Richardson**

Zombies provided by **Jethro and Earl Zombie Wranglerin' Inc.**
and **The Adopt-A-Zombie Foundation**

El hombre con los órganos genitales de una llama: **Scott Allie**

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A NOTE TO THE READERS

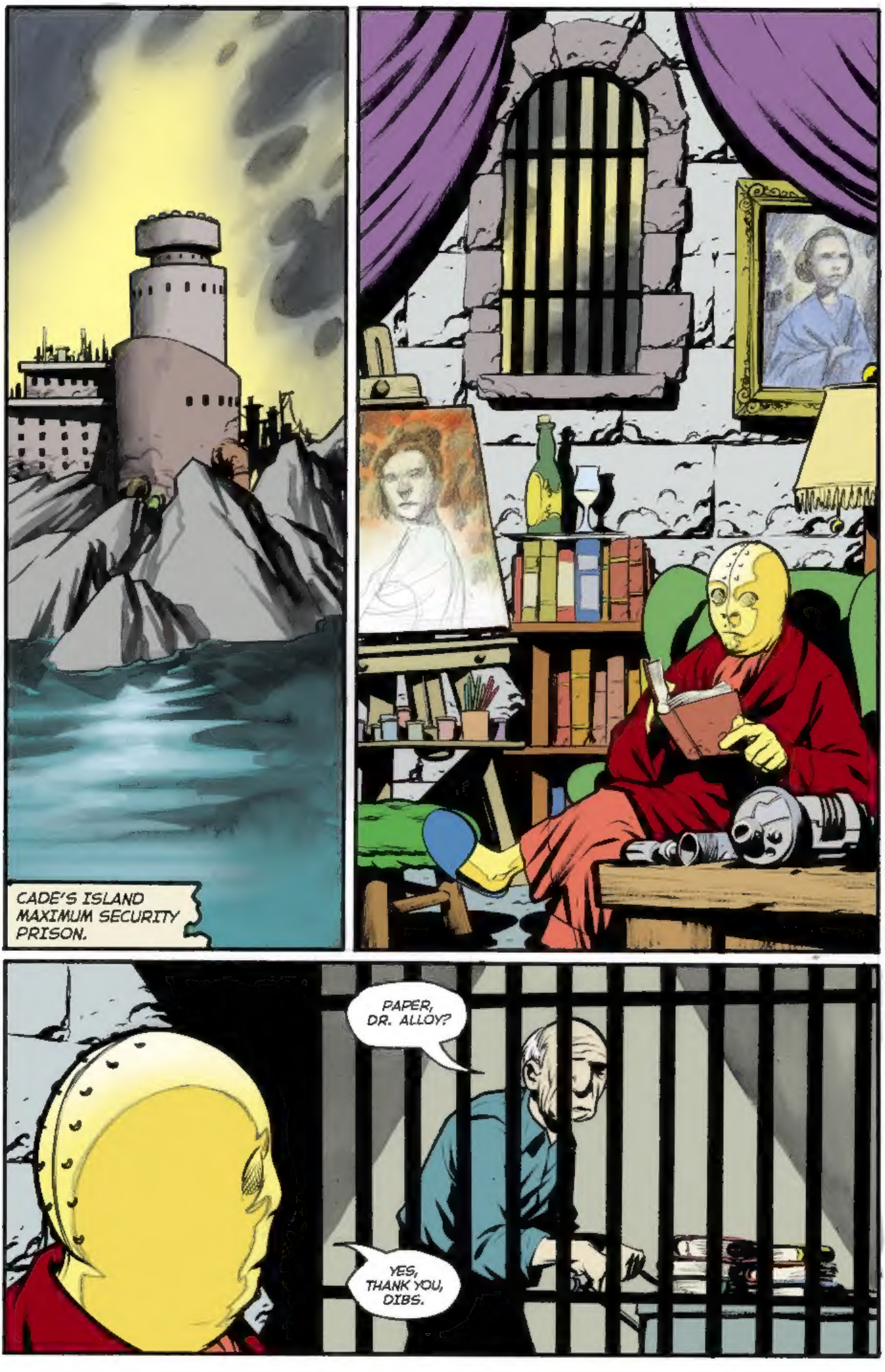
This issue was originally supposed to be a story entitled "Satan's Sodomy Baby." For various reasons I've decided to hold off on putting that story out. When I write this comic I try not to censor myself. I figure if I start pulling my punches, the book is going to lose its edge. I've always dictated the content to the type of story I was trying to tell. And I've always tried to keep the reader guessing as to what exactly they were going to get with each issue. "Satan's Sodomy Baby" was going to be a real departure from anything I've done in this comic before. To say the concept was a little over the top would be putting it mildly. But I thought it was a pretty funny idea. When I sat down and wrote it, I thought it was the funniest comic I had written yet. But it was not an all-ages story. I thought it would be fine to have just one issue of *The Goon* labeled as a "NOT FOR MINORS" comic. We even planned on having a giant warning printed on a blank cover that would conceal the actual cover. I thought all this was a riot.

Supportive as ever, Dark Horse feared a backlash that might hurt the momentum of the comic but did not try to keep me from doing the story and backed me 100 percent. However, word of the outrageousness of this comic got out and a grass-roots movement was started to try to keep retailers from carrying it by a right-wing bible thumper in Alabama named Margaret Snodgrass. She, in her almighty wisdom, claimed that the comic was morally reprehensible and contacted area retailers telling them that even allowing the comic to be stocked on their shelves could lead to their ever-lasting damnation. Sadly enough, some listened to her and threatened to stop carrying *The Goon* altogether because of this single issue. Fearing for my livelihood, I decided to hold off on the issue. But let me say this . . . "SATAN'S SODOMY BABY" WILL BE RELEASED! You may have won the battle, but you'll never win the war, Snodgrass!! My story of demonic homosexual assault on the unsuspecting buttocks of a backwoods rube and the progeny of said union cannot be withheld forever!! It's time to fight back, readers! Go to your local comics retailer and demand "SATAN'S SODOMY BABY"!

Those readers and retailers wishing to voice their concerns about the outlandish treatment of "Satan's Sodomy Baby" can contact us at goonmail@aol.com.

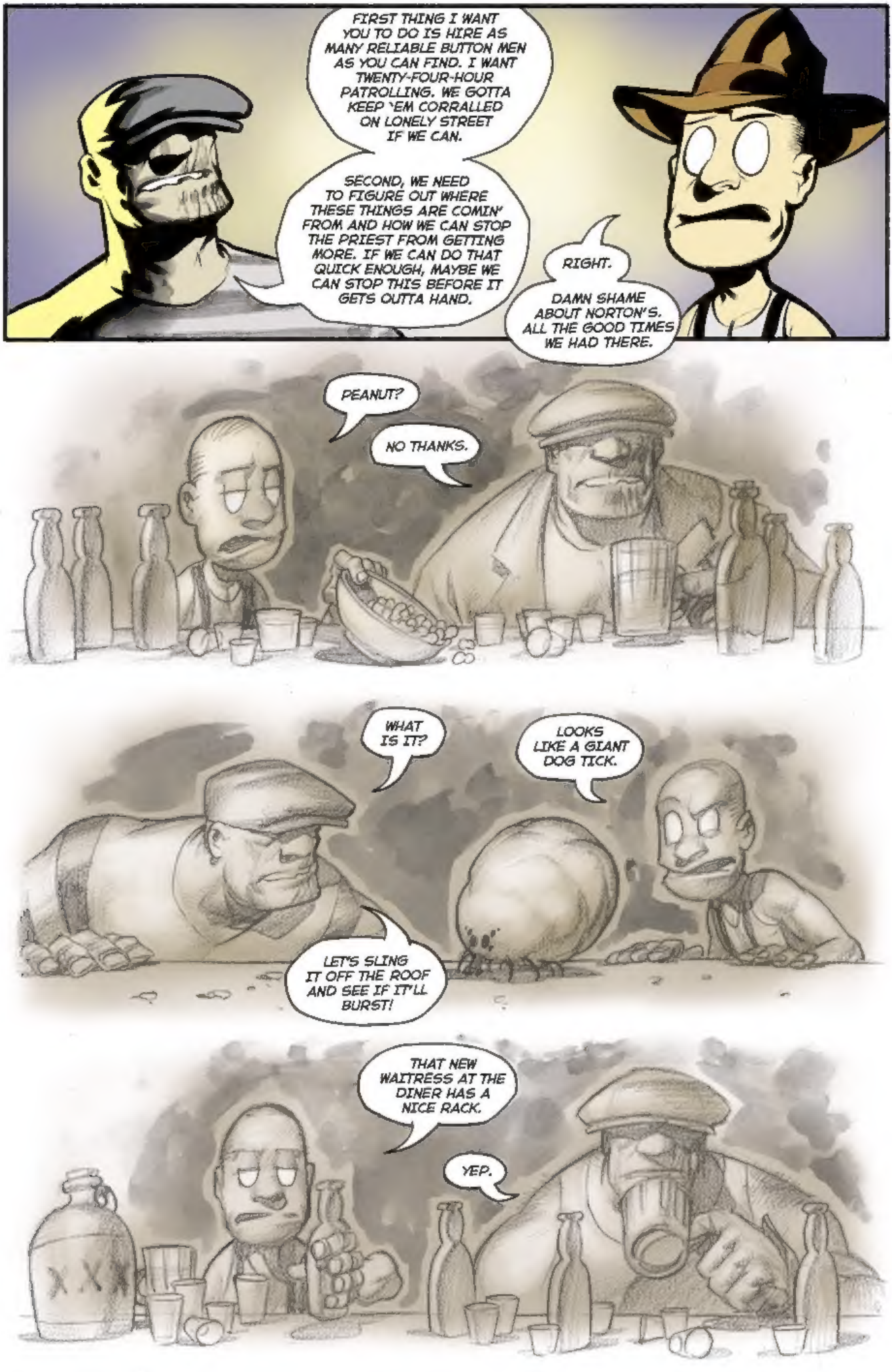
Thank you for your thoughts and prayers,

Eric Powell


CADE'S ISLAND MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON.
PAPER, DR. ALLOY?
YES, THANK YOU, DIBS.

AND THANKS FOR THAT SPINE-STRETCHIN' DOO-HICKEY. STRAIGHTENED MY BACK RIGHT UP.
NOT AT ALL. IT WAS MY PLEASURE.
BUT JENKINS IN WEST WING GOT ANOTHER CASE OF THE YOU-KNOW-WHATS. HE'S WONDERIN' IF YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO MAKE HIM SOME MORE OF THAT OINTMENT WHAT YOU MADE FOR HIM LAST TIME.
YOU TELL JENKINS THE OINTMENT ISN'T GOING TO DO ANY GOOD IF HE DOESN'T KEEP HIS UNMENTIONABLES AWAY FROM THOSE PIGEONS!
THE SNITCH RAG
OH DEAR! LAGARTO?
SWAMP DEVIL TERR
IVESTOCK

DON'T YOU TWO WORRY. I GOT THE BEST CREWS AROUND WORKIN' ON THIS PLACE. IT'LL BE BETTER THAN NEW!
THANKS, GOON, WE'RE IN YOUR DEBT AGAIN.
FUTURE SITE OF NORTON'S PUB
SO YOU WANT THE BAD NEWS OR THE GOOD NEWS FIRST?
THERE'S GOOD NEWS?
SO OUR PORK CHOP AND DYNAMITE TRUCKS WAS HIT BY THE PRIEST'S CHUG-HEADS LAST NIGHT BEFORE THEY EVEN MADE IT OFF THE DOCKS.
ACCORDIN' TO CHARLIE NOODLES, THE CHUGS KINDA MELTED TOGETHER INTO SOMETHIN' THAT LOOKED LIKE A GIANT TURTLE WITH TWO HEADS AND RIPPED THE TRUCKS TO PIECES. THE GOOD NEWS IS THEY SET OFF THE DYNAMITE AND BLEW THEMSELVES SKY-HIGH.
THIS IS GONNA GET UGLY. AT LEAST WITH THE SLACK JAWS YA DIDN'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT 'EM TURNIN' INTO A GIANT COCKROACH.


FIRST THING I WANT YOU TO DO IS HIRE AS MANY RELIABLE BUTTON MEN AS YOU CAN FIND. I WANT TWENTY-FOUR-HOUR PATROLLING. WE GOTTA KEEP 'EM CORRALLED ON LONELY STREET IF WE CAN.
SECOND, WE NEED TO FIGURE OUT WHERE THESE THINGS ARE COMIN' FROM AND HOW WE CAN STOP THE PRIEST FROM GETTING MORE. IF WE CAN DO THAT QUICK ENOUGH, MAYBE WE CAN STOP THIS BEFORE IT GETS OUTTA HAND.
RIGHT.
DAMN SHAME ABOUT NORTON'S. ALL THE GOOD TIMES WE HAD THERE.
PEANUT?
NO THANKS.
WHAT IS IT?
LOOKS LIKE A GIANT DOG TICK.
LET'S SLING IT OFF THE ROOF AND SEE IF IT'LL BURST!
THAT NEW WAITRESS AT THE DINER HAS A NICE RACK.
YEP.

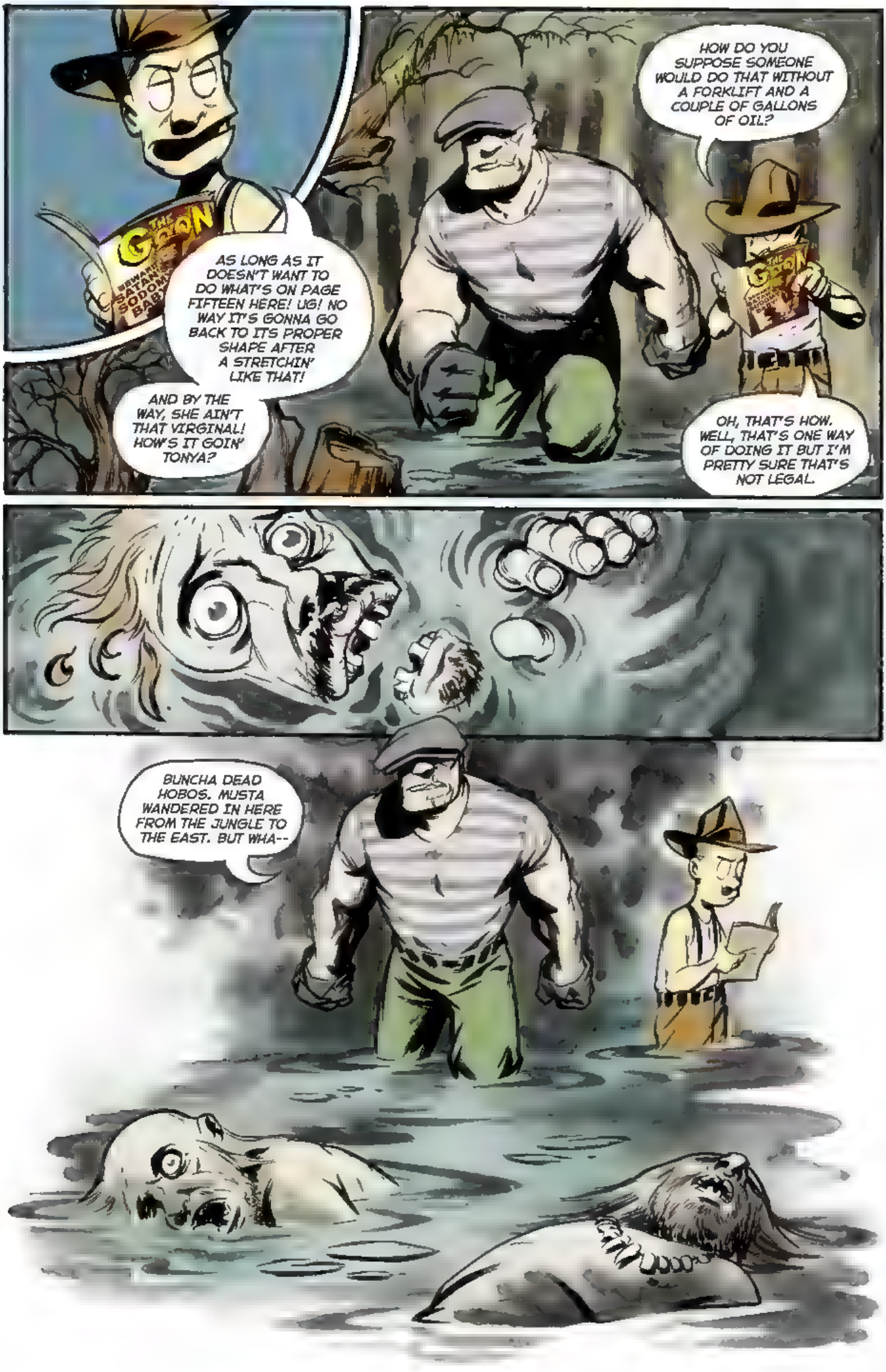
I HATE TO BE THE BEARER OF BAD NEWS BUT I HEAR YOUR WAREHOUSE ON CRESTWOOD IS BEING RANSACKED BY A BUNCH OF TINY POLKA-DOTTED CLOWNS.
OH, JEEZ! I HEARD ON THE RADIO THIS MORNIN' THAT A BUS FULLA CIRCUS MIDGETS RAN INTO THE RIVER LAST NIGHT.
"SIGH" PRIEST MUSTA RESURRECTED 'EM. LET'S GO.

IS IT JUST ME OR HAS OUR ENTIRE EXISTENCE BOILED DOWN TO NASTY LITTLE THINGS THAT WANT TO CHEW OUR FACES OFF?
YOU TAKE THE ONE WITH THE CARP IN ITS MOUTH, I'LL TAKE THE OTHER TWENTY-SEVEN.

MINUTES LATER.
NEWS STA
THAT'S WHY I ALWAYS SAY NEVER MESS WITH A MIDGET THAT'S WILLING TO PAINT HIS FACE AND PUT HIMSELF UP FOR PUBLIC RIDICULE IN EXCHANGE FOR CASH. TICKING TIME BOMB, MAN.
I DON'T CARE. I JUST DON'T FIND BIG RED FLOPPY SHOES AMUSING ANYMORE.
HEY, JERVIS, HOW'S IT GOIN'?
EVERYDAY IS A MONOTONOUS EXERCISE IN FUTILITY. I WAKE UP EVERYDAY AND WONDER WHAT'S THE POINT. HAPPINESS? IS THAT EVEN ATTAINABLE? OR IS IT FRIVOLOUS THINKING TO EVEN BELIEVE IT EXISTS? ARE WE ALL BLINDLY SEARCHING FOR A FANTASY? ARE WE DROWNING RATS GOING DOWN WITH THE SHIP? IS THAT WHAT LIFE IS? WHAT ARE WE LIVING FOR? LOVE? WHAT GOOD IS LOVE? SEARCHING FOR IT ONLY MAKES YOU MISERABLE AND EXPECTING IT TO BE RETURNED ONLY KILLS YOUR SOUL AND MAKES YOU SICK AND BLACK INSIDE. BUT WITHOUT IT THERE'S ONLY LONELINESS. BITTER COLD LONELINESS.
CRY ME A FRICKIN' RIVER! HEY, YOU WANT LOVE, JERVIS?! PEG-LEG SALLY WILL GIVE YOU TEN BUCKS WORTH OF LOVE BEHIND THE BURLESQUE HOUSE IF YA GIVE HER THE HAIRY WINK!
WHY DON'T YOU DO ME A FAVOR AND EAT A BULLET! PUT ME OUTTA YER MISERY, YA WHINEY [illegible]!
BLAM!

LOOK WHAT YOU DID!!
I DIDN'T DO IT!
YA TALKED HIM INTA IT!
IT WAS JUST A SUGGESTION!!
LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE, YA DON'T HAVE TA PAY HIM FOR THE PAPER.
YEAH, FRANKY, GOOD THING JERVIS BLEW HIS BRAINS OUT AND SPARED ME THE NICKEL.
BE THANKFUL FOR SMALL FAVORS.
SWAMP DEVIL TERRORIZES... THEY'LL PRINT ANYTHING THESE DAYS.
HEY, WHAT'S THIS? THE GOON... HEY, GOON! DID YOU KNOW YOU HAD A FUNNY BOOK?!
THE GOON
BEWARE SATAN'S SODOMY BABY!
THE GOON IN... SATAN'S SODOMY BABY?!
WHAT THE?! HOLY [illegible] LOOK AT THAT!!
TELEGRAM FOR MR. GOON!

FROM ALLOY?
DEAR GOON,
I HAVE REASON TO SUSPECT THAT MY SERVANT, LAGARTO, MAY HAVE REVERTED BACK TO A MORE PRIMITIVE STATE WITHOUT THE MEDICATIONS I HAD BEEN ADMINISTERING ON A REGULAR BASIS PRIOR TO MY INCARCERATION WOULD YOU BE SO KIND AS TO LOOK INTO THE MATTER FOR ME?
SINCERELY,
DR HEIRONYMOUS ALLOY
WHY DO I ALWAYS HAVE TO BE RESPONSIBLE FOR EVERYONE ELSE'S MESS?!
C'MON, FRANKY, ALLOY'S GIANT LIZARD THAT HE HAD SERVIN' DRINKS IN A MONKEY SUIT HAS DONE GONE WILD WITH EATIN' THE LIVESTOCK AND WHATNOT!
GOON! GOON! YOU AIN'T GONNA BELIEVE THIS! WHY WOULD ANYONE DO THAT TO A PIG?! COULD A PIG EVEN DO THAT?!
OH! NO! NO IT DIDN'T!
GAH!
THAT'S JUST NASTY!!
SO THIS THING'S BEEN EATING YOUR CHICKENS AND GOATS, HUH?
BUT I KNOW WHAT IT REALLY WANTS! THE SWAMP DEVIL WANTS TO BREED WITH MY VIRGINAL DAUGHTER AND SPREAD ITS UNGODLY SEED!


THE GOON
AS LONG AS IT DOESN'T WANT TO DO WHAT'S ON PAGE FIFTEEN HERE! UG! NO WAY IT'S GONNA GO BACK TO ITS PROPER SHAPE AFTER A STRETCHIN' LIKE THAT!
AND BY THE WAY, SHE AIN'T THAT VIRGINAL! HOW'S IT GOIN' TONYA?
HOW DO YOU SUPPOSE SOMEONE WOULD DO THAT WITHOUT A FORKLIFT AND A COUPLE OF GALLONS OF OIL?
OH, THAT'S HOW. WELL, THAT'S ONE WAY OF DOING IT BUT I'M PRETTY SURE THAT'S NOT LEGAL.
BUNCHA DEAD HOBOS. MUSTA WANDERED IN HERE FROM THE JUNGLE TO THE EAST. BUT WHA--

¡MUERA, USTED PERSONA PELUDA de MONO! ¡COMERE LA CABEZA Y LOS PANTALONES!

¡ENTRE el VIENTRE, el HUMAN MALOLIENTE GRANDE! ¡USTED SERA COMIDO COMO CABRA!
DON'T YOU SASS ME WITH YER CRAZY TALK!!

I'M THROUGH WITH YOU, BUDDY! I GOT BIGGER FISH TA FRY!
KRAK!
THANKS FOR THE HELP, FRANKY!
OH C'MON!! THIS BOOK WAS WRITTEN BY AN IDIOT! THERE'S NO WAY I WOULD DO THAT WITHOUT RUBBER GLOVES AND A FEW BEERS IN ME!
The Goon
BEWARE BATMAN'S SODOMY BABY!
WELCOME TO THE HOME OF WORLD RENOWNED SCIENTIST DR. HEIRONYMOUS ALLOY. WHILE VISITING--
SLAP!
DON'T MAKE ME HAVE TA MESS WITH YOU FREAKS AGAIN OR I'M COMIN' UP HERE WITH A PIPE WRENCH AND A MEAN DISPOSITION!!
END!

ALL
RED
2006

PUB
THE GOON
NORTON'S PUB
IN IT'S ALL FUN AND GAMES 'TIL...
CRASH

SPLAT!

FWHP!

BABOOM!!!
WHAM

SQUEEZZ
ZAK-RAK!
THUMP! THUMP! THUMP

POK-SQUISH!
BOOM!
I DIDN'T TOUCH YOUR DAMN CHICKEN!
END!

EMPIRE